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ALLEN GREEN.

TERMS.—The CARROLL FREE PRESS is published
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is sent free to all subscribers in advance
of the year. It is not sent to those who
do not pay for it. All advertisements are
sent at the option of the publisher.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
One square, fourteen lines or less, three inser-
tions \$1; every subsequent insertion 25 cents.
Larger ones in proportion. A liberal discount
will be made to those who advertise by the year.

Poetical.

Love in Death.

A mother sits by a lowly grave
A hillock small and green,
With two gray stones at the head and feet,
And the daisied turf between.
Silent she sits in that place of graves,
As if transfixed in a dream of prayer,
And her hand oft plays with the rustling grass,
As with the curls of an infant's hair.
Does she think of the time when she hushed
[It soft,
With the cradle lullabies?
Or when it hung on her teeming breast,
With a smile on its lifted eyes?
Or when she touched with a reverent hand,
(When its sunny years were three,)
The lamb like fleece of its flaxen locks,
As it played beside her knee?
Or the hour when a sad and simple pall
Was borne from the cottage door,
And its daisied step was never heard
Again on the household floor?
Does she fondly image a cherub shape
Mid a sinking angel band,
With star-crown'd looks and garments white,
With a lily in its hand?
Silent her thought; but at twilight hour
Ever she steth there;
And her hand oft plays with the rustling grass,
As with the curls of an infant's hair.

MISSA'S IN THE COLD COLD GROUND.

Round the meadows am a ringing,
The darkies mournful song;
While the mocking bird is singing,
Happy as the dew am long.
Where the ivy is creeping
O'er the grassy mound,
There old massa is sleeping,
Sleeping in the cold, cold ground.
CHORUS.
Down in the cornfield,
Hear that mournful sound;
All the darkies am a weeping,
Massa's in the cold, cold ground.
When the autumn leaves are falling
When the days were cold
'Twas hard to hear old massa calling,
'Cause he was so weak and old.
Now the orange tree is blooming,
On the sandy shore;
Now the summer days are coming,
Massa never calls no more.
Down in the cornfield, &c.
Massa made de darkies love him,
He always was so kind;
Now they sadly weep above him,
Mourning for he leaves them behind.
I cannot work before to morrow,
So many tear-drops flow,
I try to drive away my sorrow
Picking on the old banjo.
Down in the cornfield, &c.

FEMALE PRINTERS.—Some cynical member
of the craters has been drawing up a set of rules
for lady printers, and smuggling them into the
country papers, they will be found below:

RULES FOR LADY PRINTERS.—1. Must be at
the office whenever required. 2. No reading
of motto papers and love stories during the
working hours. 3. No "hand" shall be al-
lowed to have her beau in the office to see her
set type at any time. 4. No matter how gift-
ed a "hand" may be at making pies at home, if
she makes pi in the office, she shall be com-
pelled to assort it. 5. No "hand" shall sit
in the sanctum longer than to procure copy, un-
less requested by the editor. 6. No attempting
to kiss the editor for the sake of "clean copy."
He will not use his prerogative to kiss all hands
as occasion may require. 7. Ladies who
bring their dinner shall not make a dining sa-
loon of the sanctum nor use proof paper for a
table cloth. 8. Any lady "hand" about to
emigrate to the state of matrimony shall give
at least one month's notice that her place may
be supplied by another. 9. No maid
woman will be allowed to work in the office
provided it be known. 10. No lady shall be
allowed to laugh at the notion of another at
the "case." 11. No smoking chewing, or
drum drinking allowed in the office. 12. No
gossiping quarreling pulling of hair scratching
of faces or singing love songs during working
hours; and no lady shall have free admission
to, or orders for the theatre, opera, or other
places of amusement unless accompanied by a
gentleman.

To which some Sybarite adds: "Our
rules for lady printers would be very different
to the above. We would not require them to
participate in the ordinary drudgery of type-
setting. Their sole duty should be the dis-
tribution of one, two, and three em braces."
—New York Mirror.

Good-humored wit is the elixir of life. Your
genial, jovial, comic, graphic talker or writer
does more to postpone the summons of grim
Death than ten colleges of doctors and a thou-
sand cords of drugs. Will Winrow's opinion is
that laughter serves as grease to our intricate
machinery, keeping mind and body from dan-
gerous friction by the cares of earth, and so en-
abling our system to run smoother, perform
better, and wear longer.

CARROLL FREE PRESS.

"The Union of the States and the Constitution of the Union."

Vol. 20.—Number 45.

CARROLLTON, CARROLL COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY November 4, 1853.

WHOLE NUMBER 1088.

The Way to get an Office.

The following has come to us through the
source that entitles it to entire credit:

A huge two-fisted, broad shouldered son of
North Carolina appeared a few days ago in
the Treasury building and inquired for the Se-
cretary. He was directed to the proper door,
but when about to enter the ante-room was
stopped by the messenger for not observing the
usual ceremonies. "What's the matter now?"
asked Rip Van Winkle. "You can't go in,
sir," replied Rip; as he gathered the messen-
ger in his brawny arms, and set him aside. Ar-
rived in Mr. Guthrie's room, and finding
several gentlemen present, he asked, "which
is the Secretary?"

"I am," said Mr. Guthrie to the intruder,
rather sternly. "How did you get in here?"
"Oh! we'll talk about that after awhile,"
said Rip. "I've come on business, and we'll
attend to that first. You see, Mr. Secretary,
I am a democrat from North Carolina, and
there is a light boat at — and a Whig has
the keeping of it now, and I want it. Mind
now! It won't make any difference in my vot-
ing, if you don't give it to me. I always vote
right any how. Here's my paper; look at
'em and speak out." Mr. Guthrie was quite
taken with his honest simplicity, and replied
that he would give him an answer at twelve.
"Mind now," said Rip, showing his watch to
the Secretary, "you see that finger? Well,
when it gets to 12 I'll be here certain. No
mistake now!"

"Where are you stopping?" asked the Se-
cretary.
"Stopping, you may well say that. I've
got no money to fool away stopping anywhere.
I got my breakfast at the market house this
morning. And you see I want to start home
in the mailboat this evening, for if I stay here
long I can't get home at all. Now mind, Mr.
Secretary, '12 o'clock you know!' So saying
he took his leave.

During his absence Mr. Guthrie examined
his papers, and finding him properly recom-
mended, directed his commission to be prepa-
red immediately. Punctual to the minute
our friend appeared and was handed his com-
mission. He warmly thanked the Secretary,
took his leave and now is doubtless at home
attending to his duties. We dare say that
Uncle Sam has not a better officer — Wash.
Star.

Atmospheric Telegraph.

Mr. J. S. Richardson of Boston, has in-
vented a ingenious contrivance for the transpor-
tation of packages with great velocity through an
air exhausted tube. The inventor proposes, in
case a capital of \$500,000 be raised for the ob-
ject, (although \$3,000,000 is considered an ade-
quate sum by scientific men) to lay an under-
ground tube, of two feet in diameter below the
frost, through which he will transmit packages
or mails of any weight, in fifteen minutes or
even less from Boston to New York and the im-
portant way stations. In front of these com-
modities is the plunger to which they are at-
tached, and which fits so closely that no air can
escape it. The air before it, is exhausted by a
steam engine, and the plunger propelled to its
destination by simple atmospheric pressure. —
The Scientific American thus explains its operation:
"Suppose a line of two feet tube laid from
Boston to New York, it would contain about
4,000,000 cubic feet of air. Suppose twenty
pumps of ten feet diameter, and ten stroke are
located at the Boston end, connected with the
cylinder; these 20 pumps contain about 15,714
1-7 cubic feet. Suppose the pumps are worked
twenty strokes in a minute, we have removed
314,287 2-5 cubic feet. Suppose the plunger
was let in at New York at the commencement
of operating the pumps, and the pumps contin-
ued to run for fifteen minutes, in which time
rate 4,714,279 2-7 feet of air would be re-
moved, and the cylinder only containing 4,000,
000, the plunger must reach Boston about as
soon as this work could be performed, so far
as we can see, and the same result the other
way."

Examining a Witness.

Knickerbocker for September, after relating
a long story of a leading lawyer and his
boy who was examined as a witness, in which
the limb of the law came off second best gives
the following instance of a lawyer being head-
ed:

By-the-by, 'speaking of lawyers,' the acute
reasoning of an impertinent lawyer was well
repeated in another 'like' quite recently. A
prosecution under the Maine Law was on trial.
The 'State's attorney,' who thought he was a
cute chap, was trying to make out his case
through circumstantial evidence by showing
that the defendant had the means of crime in
his house. He called an undoubted customer
to the stand a man who would know a 'rum-
jog at eight' and with him held the following
colloquy.

Lawyer.—Mr. Sargent, were you ever in
Benjamin Kimball's bar room?
Witness.—Yes sir.
L.—Did you see any liquor there?
W.—No sir.
L.—Did you see anything containing liquor
there?
W.—Not as I know of.
L.—Did you see any Decanters or tumblers
there?

W.—No sir.
L.—Did you see any barrels or kegs there?
W.—Yes, I see some kegs there?
L.—Ah; yes (exultingly) you did then see
some kegs? Now, sir, tell the jury what was
in those kegs?

W.—I do not know.
L.—Yes sir; but were there not marks upon
the outside? Ticks or labels, or printing or
writing of some kind?

W.—Yes, well there was: I remember it
now; I vow I should have forgot it if you
hadn't put me in mind.
L.—Oh, yes you do remember; just state
then sir before you do forget, what there was
printed or written.

W.—It was different on all of 'em none of
'em had it alike.
L.—Well sir, tell us what it said on the first
one you saw?

W.—Well: I mostly forgot 'em, but I be-
lieve it said Gin on the first 'un.
L.—Gin!!! Then sir I guess we can find out
what there was in those kegs if you did not look
in. Now, sir, tell us what it said on the next
one!

W.—Well, on the next one!
L.—Well on the next one it said Ben Kim-
ball, but I don't suppose Ben Kimball was inside
the key!

Lola Montez.

A California correspondent of the Nashville
Gazette gives the following account of the
movement of Lola Montez —

LOLA'S LOCATION.—Lola Montez is now re-
siding at Grass Valley (a village in the mines)
entirely without restraint or her inclinations in
(rainy) rambles upon the mountain cliffs
as nimble and sure footed as the fearless goat.
One knows not which to admire the most her
light form and rosy cheek, or snow-capped sierras,
tinged by the blushing morn. She is wild
and beautiful as the maiden discovered in the
Black Mountains; (where Don Quixote went
to perform his novel penance in behalf of "peer-
less Dulcinea," and where during said penance
Sancho Panza saw things he should not have
seen, turning Dapple and himself away for
very shame.)

LOLA'S COTTAGE.—The Countess de Lansfeldt
has a beautiful little, white, vine-clad cot, en-
jeweled in a green vale formed by gold mount-
ains. The bearded gold-seeker returning from
his days toil is privileged to glance into her
window and learn something of the indoor
life of a real "life Countess." Lucky republican
home breeds.

LOLA SUES FOR DIVORCE.—Marie Montez
Hall has sued for separation from her present
liege lord P. P. Hall, Esq., and sought the
legal protection of a handsome centure. Her
assigned reasons are not for ears polite. Like
one of the wives mentioned in a dream of Will
Honeycomb's, she has "left her husband, and
brought her gullant." We read that, during
the siege of the city of Hensburgh by Emper-
or Gonaïde the noble wives petitioned him that
they might have what they could carry out of
the city—their prayer was granted, whereup-
on each one came forth with her husband up-
on her back. Lola proves unlike them. She
has deserted poor Hall in the hour of peril and
misfortune.

LOLA THE MIKER.—The favored Countess of
Louis, King of Bavaria, mined one whole day
in a corduroy bloomer costume. She was
quite awkward when the "Long Cradle Tour,"
but seriously informed an astonished digger
that she had never yet had use for a cradle,
thank heaven! and my lucky stars!

LOLA WHIPPET HER SERVANT.—Josefa
Heald of the order of St. Therese, paid a heavy
fine for "assault and battery." It was proved
in a certain squall of her anger her Chinese
servant was taken "all back," (as seamen say)
she seized him by his long tail of hair, tied
to the door knob, and slapped his rice mas-
ticating jaws most unmercifully. Poor John!
He could not jerk loose unless he scalped him-
self. In Court during the recital of her wrong
in California, tears fell from her eyes, ala Othe-
la, as rapidly as the trees of Araby drop their
medicinal gum. Unlike the Moor, she is used
to them; so are other women when brooding
over imaginary wrongs.

"SEEN THE CRYSTAL PALACE, Tommy?"
Asked a little urchin of a newsboy.
"Oh, yes. I've been up there several differ-
ent times," replied another newsboy, as they
stood in Nassau-st., waiting for the extras to
come out.

"Well, I know a man that would give \$5000
to see that ar place."
"You do, Jim?"
"Yes, sir-ee."

"And you know it, Jim?"
"Yes."
"Bet a quarter on it that you don't."
"Donee," and the money was put up.

"Now who is he?"
"Why, he's a blind man."

THE OIL OF TRADE.—Somebody who knows
what oil the wheels of trade has written—
Keep it before the people that advertising—
Has enlarged many a small business,
Has revived many a dull business,
Has saved many a lost business,
Has preserved many a large business.

The woman who was struck with an idea
was not seriously injured, and will not be
confounded with the gold dollars.

THREE DAYS Later From Europe

ARRIVAL OF THE ASIA. War not yet Begun

HOPE OF PEACE. NORTHWEST PASSAGE ACCOMPLISHED.

KOSTA RELEASED.

Dates: Liverpool, Oct. 8; London, 9th.

The steamship Asia from Liverpool, arrived
here at 3 P. M. on Wednesday.

The Franklin arrived at Cowes at 9 o'clock
Thursday evening, 6th inst.

A letter from Smyrna dated Sept. 23, states
that Martin Kosztka had that day sailed for the
United States.

The markets continued to follow the varying
accounts from the East. Cotton at Liverpool
was dull. Corn likewise quiet and the past
day or two, favoring the buyer. Money rather
dearer, but not scarcer.

THE LATEST

BY TELEGRAPH FROM LONDON TO LIVERPOOL.

London, Saturday, Oct. 8, 1853.

From The London Times.

"Paris, Friday.—The Tamerini, which ar-
rived at Marseilles from Constantinople has
brought the confirmation of the news that on
the 26th ult. the Sultan declared War against
Russia."

From the Morning Post.

"Paris, Friday Night.—A telegraph dispatch
from Vienna has just been received here. It
states that the Porte has fixed the period of
four weeks as that within which the evacua-
tion of the principalities shall take place."

"The Austrian Metalliques were at 89 1/2."

At the Paris Bourse on Friday, scarcely any
business was done but the Funds were steady.
The Three closed at 72 1/2, and Four-and-a-
Halves at 99 1/2. Accounts had been received
from 15 Towns—in 10 of which the price of
wheat had fallen 1 franc 3/4 hectolitre.

London, Saturday.—The Cabinet Council
met at 4 1/2 hours on Friday. Sir William
Gladstone was not present, owing to an error of
the officer who has duty it is to summon Mem-
bers of the Cabinet.

MURDER BY AN INSULTED WOMAN.—On Sun-
day week, on board the steamer St. Paul, near
St. Louis, one of the dock hands grossly in-
sulted a married woman, who with her husband,
was in the steerage, and she shot him through
the heart with a pistol. Their name is Miller,
and are from near Scott county, Ia. His wife
was a Miss Lydia Price, from Jackson county;
she is a plain country girl, about twenty-three
years of age, of rather prepossessing appear-
ance, and showing but little in her manners,
certainly, the nerve necessary to a wilful homi-
cide. The two were married only a few weeks
ago, and had returned on another boat from a
honeymoon trip as far as Minnesota. The
fellow had twice insulted her, and her husband
had handed her the pistol, while in the berth
to frighten him off. On awaking the second
time, and feeling his hand upon her person, she
fired at what she believed to be the intruder's
shadow, and he disappeared. So confident
was she that he had only received a fright, that
she threw herself back on the bed laughing
and averring that he would not disturb them
again that night. The man only got to the
forepart of the boat when he fell dead.

A CHEERFUL HEART.—I once heard a lady
say to an individual—"You countenance me
like the rising sun, for it always gladdens me
with a cheerful look. A merry or cheerful
countenance is one of the things which Jeremy
Tailor said his enemies could not take away from
him. There are some persons who spend their
lives in this world as they would spend their
lives if shut up in a dungeon. Everything is
made gloomy and forbidding. They go mourn-
ing and complaining from day to day, that they
have so little, and are constantly anxious lest
what they have should escape out of their hands.
They always look upon the dark side, and can
never enjoy the good. Religion makes the
heart cheerful, and when its large and benevo-
lent principles are exercised, man will be hap-
py in spite of himself. The industrious bee
does not stop to complain that there are so many
poisonous flowers and thorny branches on
its road, but buzzes on, selecting honey where
he can find it, and passing quietly by the places
where it is not. There is enough in this world
to complain about and find fault with, if men
have the disposition. We often travel on a
hard and uneven road, but with a cheerful spirit
and a heart to praise God for His mercies, we
may walk therein with comfort, and come to
the end of our journey with peace.

Dr. Dewey.

"How late is it, Bill?"
"Look at the clock, and see if he's drunk yet
if he isn't, it can't be much after eleven."

"Does he keep such good time?"

"Splendid—they set the town clock by his
nose."

G TO HIVE DOLLARS.—The Philadelphia
advertiser suggests the propriety of a coinage
of half dollars, so varied in shape as not to
be confounded with the gold dollars.

How to raise Fruit Every Year.

If rightly understood, few trees, unless ab-
solutely dead or rotten need occupy ground,
without yielding a pteous crop. After a
long and varied series of experiments I gradu-
ally adopted the following mode:

As soon as the winter has sufficiently disap-
peared, and before the sap ascends, I examine
my trees every dead bough is lopped off.—
Then, after the sap has risen sufficiently to
show where the blossoms will be I cut away
all the branches having none on and also, the
extremity of every limb the lower part of
which bears a considerable number of buds,
thus concentrating the sap of the tree upon the
maturation of its fruits and saving what would
be a useless expenditure of strength. In the
quince apricot and peach trees, this is im-
portant as these are apt to be luxuriant in leaves,
and destitute of fruit. You may think this in-
jures the trees but it does not for you will find
trees laden with fruit which formerly yielded
nothing. Of course all other well known pre-
cautions must be attended to, such as cutting
out worms from the roots placing old iron on
the limbs which act as a tonic to the sap, &c.
Try it, ye who have failed in raising fruit.—
Farmer and Mechanic.

We were a good deal amused the other day
at a circumstance which occurred in one of
the cars on the New York and Erie Rail road.
It was witnessed by a friend whom no "good
thing" ever escapes, and who thus describes it:
On a seat two or three 'removes' from me,
sat a smart, Yankee looking woman, with a
dashing new silk gown and a new bunnet set,
jauntingly upon her head; and beside her look-
ing out of the window, and every now and
then thrusting out his head, sat a man of some-
what foreign air and manner.

The woman watched him with every appear-
ance of interest, and at last said to him:
"Do you see that hand-bill there, telling you
not to put your arms or head out of the car-
windows?"

The man made no reply save to fix upon
the speaker a pair of pale watery blue eyes;
and presently out went his head again and
half his body, from the car-window.

"Do you understand English?" asked the
woman.

"Yaw," was the reply.

"Then why don't you keep your head out of
the window?"

There was no reply, of any kind, to this
appeal.

At length he put out his head a third time,
just as the cars were passing a long wooden
bridge. The lady started back, and once more
exclaimed:

"Do you understand English?"

"Yaw—yaw!"

"Then why don't you keep your head out of
the window? Want to get killed?"

No response. And a fourth time he narrow-
ly escaped collision with some passing object.
The woman could 'stand it' no longer.—
"Why don't you keep your head out of the window?"

The next thing you know your head will be
smashed into a jelly and your brains will be
all over my dress—that is, if you've got any—
and I don't much believe you have!

We had mistaken the object of the woman's
solicitude which at first seemed to be a tender
regard for the safety of her fellow passenger;
but when the truth 'leaked out,' coupled with
so very equivocal a compliment to his intelli-
gence a laugh was heard in the car that drown-
ed the roaring of the wheels.—Harpers Maga-
zine.

"THE Russian sailors," says Mr. St. John,
"are merely peasants, enlisted for the naval
service just as they might be for the military.
The great majority are from inland districts,
and catch their first view of the sea at Cron-
stadt or Sebastopol—the only two Russian
naval ports. These men never become sailors
in any proper sense of the term. In fact, no
Russian has any metier for the sea; but they
are drilled into a sort of mechanical discipline,
in which every man has a certain duty allotted
to him, and which he is obliged to perform in
a prescribed series of posturings. The Rus-
sian sailor is a lazy, boorish out. He works
out his watch on deck, and eats or sleeps out
his watch below. He is dressed in a stiff,
square-cut uniform, and wears huge boots, and
is altogether a most unfit animal for working a
ship. It is indeed lucky for him that he is sel-
dom called upon to do it. In the winter, the
ships are laid up and the sailors sent to bar-
racks; in the summer they venture out on small
cruises, but make, if possible, some place of
shelter on the first approach of blowy weather."

Mr. Cunningham, a wabash river pilot was
prevailed on to take a Spaniard aboard his
skiff. The Spaniard struck him from behind
with an axe, and threw him overboard, but
Cunningham swam ashore and crawled to the
cabin of an acquaintance, who with assistance,
pursued the Spaniard and brought him back.
Cunningham recognized him, and the citizens
hung him on a tree; but his neck was not broken
and they finally put him in jail to be tried
for murder, Cunningham having died.

It is right the printer should be paid as well
as the farmer, the mechanic, or the doctor; and
their tariff should be as high as that established
by other branches of the toiling class.

The Law Newspapers.

"Newspapers who do not give ATTENTION to the
country are considered willing to with-
draw their subscriptions."
If subscribers under the above notice, or
their papers the publisher may refuse to send
them until a correction is made.
If subscribers neglect or refuse to send their
papers from offices to which they have sent, they
are held responsible till they have sent their
bills and ordered their papers to be sent.
If subscribers remove to other places without
notifying the publisher, the paper is sent out
in a former direction; they are held responsible.

To bring the drowned to life.

INTERFERED TO BE PUT INTO EVERY MAN'S NAT.
—Immediately as the body is removed from the
water, press the chest suddenly and forcibly
downward and backward, and instantly discon-
tinue the pressure. Repeat this violent in-
terruption until a pair of common bellows can
be procured. When obtained, introduce the
nozzle well upon the base of the tongue.—
Surround the mouth with a towel or handker-
chief, and close it. Direct a bystander to press
firmly upon a projecting part of the neck, (call-
ed Adam's apple,) and use the bellows actively.
Then press upon the chest to expel the air
from the lungs, to imitate natural breathing.—
Continue this at least an hour, unless signs of
natural breathing come on.

Wrap the body in blankets, place it near a
fire, and do everything to preserve the natural
warmth as well as to impart an artificial heat,
if possible. Everything, however, is secondary
to inflating the lungs. Send for a medical
man immediately.

Avoid all frictions until respiration shall be
in some degree restored.

VALENTINE MOTT,
Surg. Gen American Shipwreck Society.

Editors at is Editors.—Somebody telling
over his editorial difficulties thus sums up the
immortal Sam Pike. It rather takes us down.

Mr Pike and I published a paper in 1819
among the Miami Indians, in the State of In-
diana. It was a great partnership, that. We
had two advance paying subscribers, one who
liquidated his subscription with beans, and the
other with saw-logs. Godfrey the chief, took
five papers, and could not read a word. Our
paper was called the *Pera Forester*, and being
printed in the woods the title was appropriate.
The town of Pera had a number of magnificent
names for its streets, such as Pearl, Broadway,
&c., which streets exhibited the animating and
bustling appearance of stumps and trees as
high as a man's head. The stirring events
which transpired in that city, imperiously de-
manded a couple of chroniclers, and Pike and
I were at hand to discharge that important
function.

Pike wrote poetry, and I dipped consider-
ably into State politics and discussed, in a very
learned manner every question of interest.—
Besides being an editor and printer, he kept
the Broadway Hotel, was post master justice of
the peace, land agent, pettifogger, canal con-
tractor, merchant overcoer of the poor, painter
had been a school master and a day laborer,
was twice a widower was brought up a Quaker,
and the last time I saw him, he was a
preacher and married his third wife.

"May it please the court," said a Yankee
lawyer before a Dutch Justice, the other day.
"this is a case of the greatest importance."
While the American eagle whose sleepless
eye watches over the welfare of this mighty
Republic, and whose wings extend from the
Alleghanies to the rocky chain of the West,
was rejoicing in his pride of place!"

"Shut dare! shut, I say, vat has dis suit
to do mit eagles? Dis has notin to do mit de
wild bird. It is von sheep!" exclaimed the
Justice.

"True, your Honor, bat, my client has
rights."

"Your client has no rights to de eagle!"
"Of course not, bat the laws of language."
"Vat cares I for de laws of de language,
eh? I understand de laws of de State, and
dat is enough for me. Confine your talk do
de case."

"We'll then my client the defendant in this
case, is charged with stealing a sheep, and—"
"Dat will do! dat will do! Your client
is charged mit stealing a sheep, just nine
shillin'." De Court will adjourn."

CRAZY PEOPLE.—Miss D. x, the philan-
thropist, states that among the hundreds of crazy
people, with whom her sacred missions have
brought her into companionship, she has not
found one individual, how fierce and turbulent,
that could not be calmed by Scripture and
prayer, uttered in low and gentle tones. The
power of religious sentiments over those shat-
tered souls seems miraculous. The worship
of a quiet, loving heart, affects them like a voice
from Heaven. Tearing and rending, yelling
and stamping, singing and groaning, gradually
subside into silence, and they fall on their
knees, or gaze upwards with clasped hands, as
if they saw through the opening darkness a
golden gleam from their Father's throne of
love.

"James, recite your scripture lesson."
"John the Baptist was forty days and nights
in the wilderness, clothed in camille's hair
with a leather girdle about his neck, and his
meat was locos and wild onions."